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Platonic.

I knew it the first of the summer—
I knew it the same at the end—
That you and your love was plighted,
But couldn't you be my friend?
Couldn't we sit in the twilight,
Couldn't we walk on the shore,
With only a pleasant freindship
To bind us, and nothing more?

There was never a word of nonsense
Spoken between us two,
Though we lingered oft in the garden
Till the roses were wet with dew:
We touched on a thousand subjects—
The moon and the stars above;
But our talks were tinted with science,
With never a hint of love.

"A wholly platonic friendship,"
You said I had proved to you,
"Could bind a man and woman
The whole long season through,
With never a thought of folly,
Though both are in their youth."
What would you have said, my lady,
If you would have known the truth?

Had I done what my mad heart prompted—
Gone down on my knees to you,
And told you my passionate story
There in the dusk and dew;
My burning, burdensome story,
Hidden and hushed so long,
My story of hopeless loving—
Say, would you have thought it wrong?

But I fought with my heart and conquered—
I hid my wound from sight;
You were going away in the morning,
And I said a calm good-night,
But now, when I sit in the twilight,
Or when I walk by the sea,
The friendship quite "platonic"
Comes surging over to me,
And a passionate longing fills me
For the roses, the dusk and the dew—
For the beautiful summer vanished—
For the moonlit talks—and you.

A MAN-HATER.

"That girl?"

Leslie Morgan turned to his companion with a prolonged stare of incredulity.

"I tell you it is true," persisted his informer. "Wilna Barrington is known as a man-hater; to have a heart impervious to all offers of hand and fortune; doesn't look like it, does she?" with a musing glance in the direction indicated; "she is not the child she seems, though; look at her, Leslie; how old do you take her for?"

Leslie Murdock looked.

He saw a little, rounded, babyish figure, petite to childishness, robed in a creamy white lace falling over a short, white satin petticoat, two tiny slippered feet, the full, perfect, pearl-white arms, the supple, dainty, dimpled hands were decorated with an ornament of no sort, and the face as coldly white as the face of the sleeping dead, was lighted by a pair of scornful, velvety, pansy purple eyes that never smiled. The straight, decisive lips were ripe with scarlet sweetness, but a world of mocking sarcasm lingered about them that contradicted the childish face and form; the bronze, waving hair, in whose gleaming threads so many lives lay tangled, curled softly about the blue-veined temples and broad and white forehead, and was knotted in heavy braids at the back of the graceful head with a translucent pearl arrow.

Leslie Murdock drew a quick breath, with his very heart on his lips.

"Eighteen, perhaps," he said, at last, "possibly twenty."

"She is twenty-seven," said Ralph Henderson, "and she hates the whole race of man with desperate fierceness. She never smiles; no one ever provokes a gleam of sunshine in her perfect face; no one knows her story, but it is guessed that some one long since broke her heart."

"Curse him!" Leslie ground his teeth as he breathed the words, and Ralph Henderson looked at him in astonishment.

"You, too?" he questioned, the least trifle sarcastically.

"No, no!" Leslie Murdock was himself again, easy, gracious, self-possessed; "but Ralph, it makes my blood boil to see such injustice as is revealed to me each day, as I penetrate society secrets.

"Good Prince Greatheart," said Ralph, smiling, "I'm glad some one cares. Shall I present you to the princess?" and with more interest than he was wont to show, this world-weary man of thirty-five, upon whose brow and upon whose heart sorrow had laid the chilly fingers, and threaded the luxuriant black curls about the temples with silver, followed him.

Wilna Barrington rose with the perfect grace and courtesy of which she was mistress, without a glow of consciousness that she was receiving the deferential salutation of the lion of the evening, a man widely known in the outer world, and whose arrival had created no little sensation.

Apparently she had not the slightest conception of his greatness, but there was no pique or constraint in Leslie Murdock's manner. His was a nature so grand and true, so broad and sunny, so warm and tender, that all the flattery and sophistry of an admiring world had failed to sway his majestic intellect or turn from its perfect poise his manly make-up.

He felt an interest for which he could not account in this strange, girlish woman, whose beautiful eyes met his with a steadiness and keenness that almost disconcerted him; whose conversation sparkled with little gleams of wounding wit and cutting sarcasm; whose slow velvety voice held an undertone of mocking sadness, and whose breadth and power of intellect amazed and enchanted him.

Wilna Barrington could talk as few women he had ever met could, and there was not a glimmer of consciousness in her manner. He might have been a petrification of wood or stone, for all the notice she paid, though she was receiving attention from one who, possibly, in the dim future might merge into a suitor.

It was new, and Leslie Murdock liked it. He had grown amusedly weary of women who fluttered under his slightest word and tone. He noticed, in a pained way, that no smile ever curved the set, decisive lips, even during her most brilliant repartee, and sunny, glancing mirth. Evidently she talked because she was society's queen, and it demanded obedience and deference to its edicts, and Leslie Murdock's heart, which all these years of contact with the world had failed to make aught but tender to the sufferings of its weary ones, ached for her.

The sudden resolve to be her friend sprang up within him. "If she will let me," he told himself, for there was nothing in the icy demeanor to indicate that she was friendless.

The summer days flitted by like sunbeams, each more perfect than the preceding.

Leslie saw Wilna Barrington daily. Six weeks of acquaintance had made no difference in the perfect, gentle courtesy she accorded him; there was not a shade or tinge of interest in her manner, though they read and talked and sang together every day. Infinitely worthy of his most reverential thoughts, he found her more charming in conversation; she filled the void that every life craves, however replete in its own resources, to the conclusion of all else.

Insidiously creeping into every fiber of his being, he felt the want of her to have and to cherish for his own, to teach that love was no myth, to melt that icy coldness that enveloped her.

He dared not speak; the steady glance of her wonderful eyes checked him whenever he essayed any word that could reveal the wild love of his heart, and that each hour "grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength."

She favored him in that she granted him her society; she even seemed, in her own silent way, to enjoy this elevating, ennobling association, that drew them, through the medium of books and song, into intellectual converse with the giant minds of many long since passed into the infinite beyond, leaving only phantom ghosts of vanished genius.

He was reading those passionate, longing heart words from "Infelicia":

"In from the night
The storm wind is lifting its arms to the sky;
Friend of my heart, draw near to-night,
And if you love me, answer me, oh, answer me!"

He gave her a quick, stealthy glance. Such a look of mortal agony as the white face bore! He could not endure it; he sprang to his feet.

"Miss Barrington," he pleaded, "do you intend always to merit your title of man hater?"

"Yes, Mr. Murdock;" the violet eyes met his in infinite scorn, the voice was even-toned.

"Would nothing convince you that honor and truth and manhood exist in this life, that love is not a demon to mock and torment you?"

"No, Mr. Murdock;" there was not a sign to indicate that the words had touched her; "shall we go on?"

"Oh, Miss Barrington!" Leslie Murdock's book dropped unnoticed, "don't so wrong yourself. I may never hope for your dear favor, I may only struggle blindly against my own folly, and I love you as I never expected to love mortal woman, with no hope of return! As I ask a star to shine on my bosom; what can have turned a heart to adamant that I could swear was once warm and loving to be companion to such womanliness as I find in you? I do not seek to penetrate it, but by that great love, I implore, give me a place in your heart—let me be your friend."

Wilna put up her hand faintly to ward off the tender, passionate words as if they were a blow. The first flush he had ever seen covered her face, succeeded by a death-like pallor.

She turned from him steadily and withdrew the hand he had taken gently.

"It is impossible," she said, softly.

"I may not be even a friend?" he questioned, bitterly.

"No," she said, "I do not even want a friend of your sex. Shall we resume our reading?"

He gazed at her in mute wonder; hurt to the heart as he was, he could not hate her.

The inexplicable mystery was there; be it what it might, he could only yearn after, pity and love the woman who had said to him nay as gently as she could have granted his request, with the gloom and shadow of sad years looking from her luminous eyes and pleading for forgiveness.

Pride, too, held place in his heart.

"I will bide my time," he told himself. "I shall win her confidence some day."

He avoided her sedulously for three days. At the close of the last, with the old, restless longing upon him, he walked the moonlit paths till long after midnight, then, wakeful, he lay, determining to go away and forget.

"That I at my years should—great heavens!"

He sprang up wildly, with a suffocating sense of smoke about him.

The wide halls were filled with it. It writhed about him in curling wreaths, blinding and choking him.

For the next hour he battled furiously, half delirious in his mad efforts to save the life he loved, unconscious of the brave workers on every hand who struggled to save the terror-stricken pleasure seekers, and this gem on the seaside, "Island Home," from the angry jaws of the demon.

He only knew that at last, faint and weary, he held the death-like form of Wilna Barrington to his heart, her garments burned and darkened. One fair hand and arm were hanging useless from the torn sleeve from which he had crushed the fire, a broad line of scarlet lying pitifully across its marble whiteness, where a tongue of flame had touched her as he had fought his way. He knew that he kissed hungeringly the silent lips and resigned her; that he was sick, and faint and weary, and that "Island Home" was a smoking ruin.

Then the daylight blossomed across the sky as peacefully as it had ever done, flushed the dancing blue ocean beyond, and look wondering down on the blackened, charred heap.

"You wanted to see me?"

Leslie Murdock halted on the threshold of the little cottage, overgrown with morning glories, whose sanded floor glistened with whiteness and labor, and where in a low wooden chair, with the painful, bandaged arm in her lap, Wilna Barrington sat.

"Yes, Mr. Murdock, they have telegraphed to the city for uncle, and I want to thank you for your goodness before they come for me."

"Don't," he entreated, seating himself beside her, while the housewife's simple song reached them as she worked cheerily. "You are still weak; my friendship you scorned once; do not humble me with the boon of your gratitude. I saved you because I could not help it."

The solemn eyes met his, sadly sweet, with no promise of a smile in them.

"Now you are unjust," she said, slowly. "I never scorned your friendship, never. True I refused it; now I am going to accept it, provided, when you know why I am a man-hater, you still wish to give it to me."

"It is as deathless as my love," said Leslie, softly. "Tell me why, little friend."

"I don't know why I should," said Wilna, the stern pallor of her face growing no less; but you have shown me the truth I never dreamed dwelt in human form. I will trust you with what no mortal but my dear uncle, Ralph Barrington, knows and loves me for."

"Did you think I ever was married?" she questioned. "Was," she said, scornfully, as Leslie turned white, "I am not now, thank Heaven. When I was fifteen I ran away from boarding-school with Leon Fontaine. No matter all he did; but he drank, gambled, tortured me, broke my heart—for I did have a heart then—starved me till my little child, my innocent baby, died of cold and hunger in my arms, and was buried in the Potter's field."

Two tears dropped here from eyes that burned like a fierce white flame, then she was ice cold and distant as ever.

"I could not bury her," she said, with a husky sob, and Leslie Murdock, his whole soul on his lips, cried passionately:

"Don't distress yourself; your confidence is sacred; come to me."

His arms were opened to her, his tender, worshiping eyes wooed her, but she put him, steadily, gently aside.

"No," she answered low, "not there; let me finish. Leon died by his own hand in a den of wickedness, infamous in itself, a shame to his manhood and an insult to me; then I must have starved, but Uncle Ralph found me, pitied, me, loved me. I have hated all men; I loved to distrust and distress them 'till now—"

"And now?"—Leslie Murdock's voice was winning and sweet—"my own love, my wounded dove, come find refuge upon my heart and let me teach you how love can atone for all the heart pangs. As Heaven is my witness, you shall never regret it."

With infinite sadness she shook her head.

"No," she said solemnly, "I shall never be any man's wife. Your friend, if you still wish, never any more."

In vain he reasoned, pleaded and besought her; she was more sweetly winning than he ever knew her, but a rock could not have been more inflexible.

When, at last, he bade her good-bye, he said, softly:

"Dear little friend, I will help you bear your burden. Bless you for your confidence. Good-night."

He kissed her hand reverently and was gone.

One year, two years. The season was at its gayest at the old summer resort. "Island Home" had risen, phœnix-like, from its ashes, and was more beautiful and tempting, more sought after than ever. Wilna Barrington was there, with a new, softer light in her face, less stern and cold than two years before. How true a friend Leslie Murdock had proved. Only once had he, while teaching her anew the sweet lesson of belief in life and humanity, asked her love, and received the old answer:

"I shall never marry."

She missed the old companionship. Every nook in the beautiful summer resort brought suggestions of that happy time, the sweetest Wilna could remember of her whole life. As the loss grew upon her she began, with heart-sick longing, to wish for him until she shrank back, abashed and fearful at this painful, new experience. Yet she was not willing to surrender; pride had held sway too long.

"Oh, for death!" she prayed, "for in life he will never know."

She had climbed Promontory Rock to watch the incoming waves and the dying sunset, with unutterable sadness and loneliness at heart. None guessed what lay beneath the serene, marble-white face, upon which years had left so slight an impression.

"I must go," she told herself, rising at last. "I did not know how late it was."

What was it that blanched her cheek to the hue of death?

The waves had risen till every avenue had been cut off. In a few hours they would sweep her from her frail foothold out into the world beyond.

Oh! it was cruel. Life was sweet, after all, when dreary death stared her in the face. The thought of that tender love she had so slighted came to her, and there was that cold, merciless water creeping slowly up, and the dashing sea spray wrenched her quivering form. Once she cried aloud for help, but only the moan of the waves answered her. At last in lonely despair, she crouched, shivering, against the cold rocks, waiting to die.

"Oh, love!" she cried, faintly; "in Heaven you will know."

Hark! Was it fancy? A shout, a distant gleam of lights came over the tossing waters. Nearer and nearer the little bark came to the perilous rocks; once she heard her name called as she drifted away for an instant into unconsciousness: then, amid the darkening storm that was rising, in the rocking, eddying fisherman's boat she knew herself folded safely to the heart of Leslie Murdock.

"My own, my priceless treasure, almost lost!" he was saying as he sheltered her shivering form. "I was coming back to you, and oh, to find you thus!"

His voice broke, but two wet clinging arms were about his neck.

"Once by fire, once by flood! Love, it is not in vain; you are mine."

"Forever more, all your own!"

The voice was trustful, her passionate, clinging touch never faltered in the darkness.

Leslie Murdock kissed in speechless rapture the lips so near his own.

There, with the toiling fisherman bringing them to land, with the inky blackness of storm and night about them, broken by silver tangles of angry lightning and ominous rumble of thunder, borne over tossing, murky waves, held close to the heart so long her own, Wilna Fontaine-Barrington felt the memories and hatred of bitter years drift away, and with his passionate, heartfelt kiss dawned the morning of peace in her soul, after the brooding night of weary sorrow.

Inmates of Almshouses.

The popular expression about the pauper class is a queer mixture of indifference and sentimental pity. While not one in a thousand has ever taken the pains to see the inside of an almshouse, there is yet a prevalent idea that almshouses, for the most part, shelter the unhappy and guiltless poor, whom unmerciful disaster has followed fast and followed faster until it has chased them to this last refuge—people who have come from vine-covered cottages, or tidy rooms up one flight of stairs in tenement houses, with a big Bible on the table and a pot of flowers in the window, or even from luxurious homes desolated by commercial panics. As a matter of fact, the great majority of American indoor paupers belong to what are called the lowest classes, and seek the almshouse not because of unmerciful disaster, but because of very common vices. Between half and two-thirds of them are of foreign birth.

Any one who has visited many almshouses or talked with the men who know most of paupers will recognize the same old story. "Paupers," said a plain spoken almshouse keeper to a convention of Pennsylvania Directors of the Poor—"paupers though not criminals, are, so far as my knowledge extends, largely from the lower classes of society; most of them being ignorant, and many of them possessed of all the low and mean instincts of human nature, with scarcely a redeeming quality." The writer once asked the stewart of a large city almshouse if he had many persons come to him who had formerly been prosperous, and had, through disease or some other cause not their own fault, been reduced to seek public help. He said, "Never," then added, "Well, yes, there was one man; he had seven horses, and he was taken sick, and sold one horse after another. And there was another man who was said to have considerable property, but *he* drank." I asked him if he had many applicants who had been decent, industrious, laboring people, and had come there from any other cause than disease or old age. He enswered emphatically, "Not one." This man spoke from an experience of nineteen years.

Probably, it is a liberal estimate to put down one-tenth of the paupers as people deserving of sympathy; the other nine-tenths are in the almshouse because they have not wit enough or energy enough to get into prison. Such people do not have a hard life in the almshouses. The squalor does not disturb men and women who have known nothing else; the immortality is a temptation; and even in the worst kept houses there is usually plenty to eat and little to do; in any case, they have not the heavy and irksome task of thinking for themselves. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

The frozen soil of the Siberian coast never thaws to a depth of more than two feet even during the greatest heat of the summer.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SCIENCE.

By Rev. G. Frederick Wright.

NO. XXIII.—CHEMISTRY.

The extent to which man increases his knowledge by reasoning upon the facts of experience is amply illustrated in the science of Chemistry.

Nearly all the substances which we taste and see and feel are combinations of two or more elements, which analysis shows to have little resemblance to the compounds as perceived by our senses; and these compounds and elements themselves present great contrasts of appearance, according as they are subjected to different degrees of heat or of pressure.

For example, water is a solid, a fluid, or a gas, according to its temperature. Ice is harder than many varieties of rock; water is scarcely more a fluid than melted iron; and steam is as invisible as carbonic-acid gas. We never see the vapor of water. When steam issues from a boiler into the cooler air we see only a cloud, which is vapor condensed into minute drops of water.

Again, chalk is the union of three substances no one of which has singly any resemblance to the compound with which we are familiar. Of the elements entering into the constitution of chalk, *calcium* is a yellow metal nearly as hard and as ductile as gold, *carbon* is the same as charcoal, and *oxygen* is a colorless gas which no eye has ever seen. Marble and ordinary limestone are composed of precisely the same elements with chalk; and lamp-black is identical in composition with the diamond. The diamond will burn like a piece of charcoal.

Charcoal and water are each tasteless, but some of their chemical combinations are sweet. Sugar contains nothing in its composition but the elements of carbon and water.

When wood is burned in the fireplace or coal in the grate, nothing seems to remain but ashes, which are trifling in amount compared with the fuel consumed; and when oil is burned in a lamp there are not even any ashes left. Careful experiments, however, show that no element has been lost in the process of combustion,—the carbon has simply entered into partnership with oxygen and become invisible. The product of a charcoal fire is carbonic acid or, as it is latterly called, carbonic dioxide, which, though a gas and perfectly colorless, can easily be weighed. Combustion is, in this case, nothing more than the rapid union of carbon and oxygen; and the gas produced is three and a-half times as heavy as the coal consumed. This increase in weight represents, of course, that of the oxygen which unites with the carbon.

We shall make best progress in the limits assigned to this part of our subject by selecting a few of the chemical elements and following them through some of their disguised forms.

At the outset, however, we should distinguish between *mechanical mixture* and *chemical union*. In the first case the elements exist together unchanged, and can be separated from each other by mechanical contrivances. In the second case they may form a compound totally unlike either of the elements, and are inseparable by any mechanical means.

For example, bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar can be mixed together in the dry state without any change taking place; but if water be added effervescence ensues and the mixture of white substances disappears. That they have not been merely dissolved, like sugar in water, is evident from the fact that the sugar can be recovered by evaporation, while the chief elements of the soda and the acid cannot. So the particles of copper-filings and powdered sulphur if mixed at ordinary temperatures remain copper and sulphur, but if subjected to a high degree of heat they unite to form sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, a substance totally unlike either of the component elements. Other illustrations will appear as we proceed.

The Hippopotamus.

Dr. Emil Holub, in his book on "Seven Years in South Africa," gives the hippopotamus a very bad name. The animal is very easily excited by anything unusual, and whenever he sees anything to which he has been unaccustomed, or which comes before him unawares, such as a horse, an ox, a porcupine, a log of wood, or even a fluttering garment, he will fly at it with ungovernable fury. If, however, the object is immediately withdrawn from his view he forgets all about it and goes on his way. When once aroused it is hardly possible to escape him, for, notwithstanding his unwieldiness, he gets over the ground very fast. His flesh is highly prized by many of the African tribes, and the animal is extensively hunted for it and for the ivory tusks. His brain is probably smaller for the size of his body than that of any other living creature.

Owing to the great improvements which have been made of late years in the construction of railroad tracks and of railroad cars, the quantity of freight now regarded as the maximum load of a car is much greater than formerly. Once the limit was 20,000 pounds; now the average of the different classes of freight, as determined by the weights of 50,000 cars weighed during a period of six weeks by the Western Weighing Association, was from 23,750 pounds for machinery to 29,925 for ore, the maximum in most cases exceeding 30,000 pounds. Of ore there is even occasionally carried in a single car as many as 48,500 pounds, or more than twenty-four tons.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nine men have been hanged in Arkansas by lynchers within a month.

The present money circulation in the United States, paper and specie, exceeds a billion dollars.

There are 226 missionaries in New York city, and the number of calls they make in the course of a year on the sick and poor is estimated at 800,000.

Brick making along the Hudson is a most important industry. One yard last year made 18,000,000 bricks. In this yard 120 men are employed and a large number of horses. The total production of eight brick yards is 2,000,000 bricks per week.

It is a curious fact that Russia, one of the poorest of civilized countries, makes a greater parade of wealth in one respect than any other European State. The domes of all the great churches in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large towns, are plated with gold nearly one-quarter of an inch thick.

Out of 101 Derbys, a Prince of Wales has won once, in 1788; a royal duke, York, in 1816 and 1822; other dukes, ten times; lords, twenty-two times; a foreign count once, 1865; a foreign baron twice, 1871 and 1879; a foreign prince in 1875, and an American sovereign in 1881. Other winners have been English commoners.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are from 4,000 to 5,000 species of well-known birds.

The minor scale was derived from the song on the cuckoo.

A race-horse will clear from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound.

Grasshoppers are known in the books by a Greek name which means "murmurer."

It is estimated that 350,000,000 bricks were used for building purposes in New York city last year.

The dome of the West Point, N. Y., observatory is to be made of paper. It will weigh 4,000 pounds.

After Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, no medical man who then had reached the age of forty ever avowed his belief that Harvey was right.

The first porcelain manufactory ever established in the United States has recently been erected at New Orleans. The ware is made of kaolin, of which quality superior to that of the imported earth is abundantly found in Louisiana and Texas.

Hiddenite is the name of a new gem of the emerald class, of a beautiful clear green color, and worth about the same as a diamond. It has been found only in Alexander county, N. C.

A Prodigy in Art.

While visiting the colored public schools of Charlottesville I noticed some drawings on the blackboard in Miss Belle F. Gibbon's room. One piece represented a boy being attacked in the rear by a dog which had taken firm hold on his pants. It was so perfect in expression and proportion that I could not resist the temptation to ask who did it. My astonishment may be imagined when the teacher pointed to a little boy then standing in the class reciting his lessons, and informed me that he was the author. The child is an ordinary looking little fellow, about twelve or thirteen years of age, a brown skin and a pleasing expression.

I asked if he copied the piece from an original drawing and was told that it was wholly his own design, that it was common to tell him to go to the board and draw anything one might choose to name, and he would go and do it with as little hesitation and as much ease as an another scholar would go and work out an example in arithmetic or write a table.

The child's name is Willie Brown. And I learned afterward that his gift is not confined to drawing but that he was as good at sculpture and carving as at drawing. I was shown a crouching lion which he had carved out of a piece of marble. It has been very much admired but the correctness of the design and the perfection of execution astonished me as much as his drawing on the black-board had done. I noticed a peculiar taste for the artistic and not to be wondered at. I became enthusiastic over my discovery of this natural artist being, a child of the despised Negro race, and lauded him as a prodigy in art, fully as much so as Blind Tom is in music. Who knows but what God intends that these untutored children of the Negro race, with others which He may be pleased to raise up, as a rebuke to that spirit of braggadocio among the white race that pretends to believe that the colored man is naturally inferior to the white.

Willie Brown's parents are ordinary people of good character and industrious habits. The father is a coachman and the mother a washerwoman. They are not capable of comprehending or appreciating the greatness of the gift which God has bestowed upon their child. Indeed, his mother used to punish little Willie severely for stealing away her knives with which to work out his beautiful and well-executed designs in carving and sculpture until the colored teachers and ministers told her better.

If this boy is properly taught and encouraged; if he shall find access to our schools of art, he is destined, no doubt, to be the Negro Michael Angelo of the age.—*Editorial Correspondence.*

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

Do not pass by "A Prodigy in Art," taken from the *Virginia Star*.

We recommence on our first page the series of scientific articles by Rev. G. W. Wright.

We cheerfully publish the card from the Superintendent of the Fifth Baptist School, for it places the teachers of the school abreast of progress and not as attempting to retard it. Our informant at the time said his statement was true. We regret he did not mention the additional circumstances which the Superintendent now gives us.

In view of the statement made in our local column regarding the office of the Recorder of Deeds it must be conceded that the responsibility rests entirely with the Recorder whether he has to assist him in the discharge of his duties, two or two hundred persons; the only legal or moral obligation he is under, being to consult his own preferences and conveniences, in the interest of the efficiency of the service.

Hon. Blanche K. Bruce, the new register of the treasury at Washington, has appointed his daughter and Miss Blanche Washington, of New York, to clerkships in his office.—*Mobile* (Ala.) *Gazette*.

All of which will be news especially that part about the daughter. Bro. Joseph "the devil" must have been loose when the above was put in type, for Register Bruce's "daughter" is a "boy" about two years old, who would make sad havoc with all the documents he could get hold of were he appointed to office.

Let it not be understood that we are saying that Mr. Douglass has acted so as to be above criticism. Such a test is not necessary. The appointment of Miss L. Moten, one of our most successful teachers, may be open to criticism, unless she purposes to give up school teaching for other pursuits, in which case there is no other lady of this community entitled to greater preferment. Again! the re employment of Mr. Daniel C. Chew—a colored clerk for nine years under Mr. Wolf, during which time he rarely made a mistake, and who was summarily dismissed when Mr. G. A. Sheridan became Recorder,—would have been a more gracious act than the appointment of a man whose citizenship is questioned as is Mr. Campbell's.

Does it follow because Mr. Douglass neglected to look at the appointment of Mr. Chew from our stand point (for his attention was called to him) that his administration is to be criticised and attacked on the very threshold for the reasons assigned by his accuser? Not at all.

Those who recklessly air their opinions against Mr. Douglass and charge him with nepotism may breathe more freely; but if we mistake not, they, not he, will suffer if any one does. The title of Mr Douglass to an enduring fame is as clear and undisputed as an estate in fee fettered by no incumbrances or conditions. Take him all in all, FREDERICK DOUGLASS is our most illustrious American Negro. He stands pre eminently our foremost man, towering above all others in the grandeur of his individuality, his brilliant achievements and the solidity of his character, as fixed as the Alleghanies or the Rocky Mountains.

Of better educated men we have scores. Of men more cultured, more harmonious and symmetrical in their proportions, there may have been, as surely as there will be many; but there has been, and there can be but ONE Frederick Douglass.

In the address of those colored citizens to President Garfield who desire the appointment of Mr. M. M. Holland as Commissioner there is important omission—a failure to note the discrimination made by the Commissioners in their scheme of improvements, with regard to the sections in which colored people largely reside. For instance, Madison street between 15th and 16th while there were not three houses erected was concreted; but Sampson street, of which Madison street is a continuation, with both sides built up, remains to this day with its roadbed unpaved. The houses on Madison, street when these improvements were made, were owned and occupied by whites; those in Sampson street, rented by colored people. Corcoran street between 15th and 16th was also paved and graveled, though not a house on either side has been erected; but the same street, between 16th and 17th, where quite a number of respectable colored families live in houses which would adorn any section of the lower and more aristocratic portion of that street, remains to-day unpaved—even as to its sidewalks.

Reference might also be made to M street between 15th and 17th streets and to the street east and west of these points, to Ridge street to 16th and etc; but the above is sufficient for our purpose and to set people to thinking.

One of the books which is attracting no little attention, at the present is "OUR BROTHER IN BLACK," by Rev. Dr. Haygood, President of Emory College, Oxford. Ga. Dr. Haygood was formerly a Secessionist, and is now at the head of a Methodist college.

Coming from such a source one might naturally expect a volume strongly tinctured with extreme southern sentiments, and surcharged with violent race prejudice. But the case is entirely the reverse. Indeed very many of the sentiments expressed in it are more positive and pronounced than the views of scores of northern white ministers. For instance, Dr. Haygood assumes as a fixed and settled principle the following, among many other strong convictions:—

1st. That the expatriation of the black race from this country is visionary and impractical.

2nd. That the sixth and one half millions of the Negro race in this country are to remain in America, and to remain *in the South* as a permanent population.

3rd. That the black race are to be helped on in the career of culture and education to the farthest extent of their capacity, irrespective of any *theories* white men may entertain of their mental ability. *Education is the black man's right*; no matter where his educators come from: whether North or South. "Let (the Negro) UNLOCK ALL THE DOORS OF WISDOM HE CAN."

4th. As to the "social question," Dr. Haygood wisely says, in effect—"Let it take care of itself!"

5th. That the possession of land is a desirable acquisition for the black race, and that its tendency will be to the increase of virtue, strength and manliness.

On the whole this book is as valuable an auxiliary for the progressof the race as if it had been written by a Garrisonian Abolitionist; and its publication gives promise of a wide and valued change in Southern public sentiment.

There are few things to which the attention of colored men needs to be called, now and at all times, so much as the fact, of the prodigious waste of force in the world. To them, it comes with unusual importance for (1) the fact that so great is their weakness, and so slender their resources, that they connot afford to waste *any* force and (2) so large are their needs that every husbandry of their resources is a real virtue. One or 2 practical inferences may be drawn from the above considerations: (1) The first is, don't foolishly aim after what you know you can't get. (2) Do not stretch out after what you know you are not fitted for (3) Do not allow the enemies of the race to snub you, and to deride your seeming self-conceit. (4) Cultivate the practical; aim after the attainable; and keep a vain and flighty imagination under constant control.

A Reply to Quiz's Baptismal Queries.

"BY JOYCE"

One sometime asks questions, not for the sake of receiving information; but that he may more emphatically express his views. Whether this be true of "Quiz," I really do not know; but this I do declare, that so skillfully has my interlocutor showed the foibles that infest the fullfillment of the command, "Be baptized" that she leaves little for me to say, but simply to assent to her remarks or to reiterate her sentiments,

Quiz, embalm that compliment in lavender, that you may never tend to the opinion of those cynical creatures who sneeringly affirm that one girl cannot praise another.

No: I do not think we are "obliged to have mothers in the gospel." There is a certain class of people who have great influence during a revival. They are not the people that serve God with meekness and simplicity, but rather those who are ruled of disorder and superstition. Sometimes meaning well but always acting ill, one of these characters entraps "mourners" into confidence. She advises them how to bend the head and disarrange the apparel that they "may be seen of men" to pray. Whether they be willing or unwilling, she drags them to the anxious-seat, patting inspiration through their devoted heads as they kneel. She relates to them mysterious dreams, in which they invaribly appear as having something to reveal and that to her. After struggling long to do what they at last find no man can do, God opens their eyes to the knowledge that He, in divine mercy, has forgiven them. But there is that untiring sister of the church who has so flooded the mind with false ideas and so wrought upon the feelings, that through day dreams and night dreams an inquirer is persuaded to believe that she has been "sent" to this person; and then somebody's heart thrills with the pride of having been made a "mother in the gospel"

Aprons, as aprons, are not be despised. Were Fashion's caprices to require us to don them for church wear, they would be worn with greater grace than the ugly bustle now in vogue; and, perhaps, even Quiz might thrust her dainty hands into the jaunty pockets. Old hats, as old hats, I must not deride. Many a season have I worn a head covering till it deserved that appellation, and I know not what may be the state of my purse by the time I need another. I do, however, object to the desire for being conspicious, as here manifested. When a worthy object is aided by publicity, then I advocate it. When no good is to be gained and the craving to be noticed is an out break of vanity, then I denounce the display.

"Are they obliged to carry the baskets up in church? Could they not leave them in the lower room?" Why, certainly they could. Surely these energetic sisters, who strive to govern the entire affairs of the church, have discretion sufficient to teach them to refrain from meddling with what belongs to another. This "parade of baskets and long aprons up the aisle during the minister's talk" attracts the attention of the audience, sending their thoughts into the regions of imagination while these interesting folks conjecture as to what the covered baskets contain. It aggravates the preacher to see half a dozen fussy women drawing towards themselves the gaze of the congregation, thus nullifying the impression he had created.

The converts go down in the water quietly and gently; but, once under the liquid current, one might suppose an evil spirit enters them, from the manner in which they come forth, yelling and fighting. Over and over again they use the stereotyped expression, "Thang God I was born to die." and, "Redeemed, redeemed, and wash clean in Jesus' blood." Declaration these are, proper in season; but, like other things sometimes commendable, to be condemned when out of place.

The presence of the "mothers in gospel" in the pulpit is entirely unnecessary. Those who are commissioned to stand with cloaks ready to shield the dripping forms from general observation are a sufficient force. Young believers of the screaming and splashing order, do not care to have any such hinderance to their active movements, and prefer to expose their figure in its clinging wet drapery, thinking perhaps, "Men's eyes were made to look and let them gaze."

I wonder if Quiz is a fellow citizen of mine, and if she attended the same church on the third Sunday; for just such a scene as she describes was then and there enacted.

TAKE OFF THE CLOAKS.

BY MISS HENRIETTA L. EVANS.

Read at the Miner Normal School commencement Wednesday evening, June 8, 1881.

Ages ago, when God made man, like unto himself in purity of thought, and placed him in the beautiful garden of Eden, he gave him dominion over every living thing. Easy were the cares and happy the days without pain of soul or body.

Happiness complete! When Heaven gave to him its best gift, in her whose soft presence and attractive grace, made time a plaything, and all duties doubly joyous.

But alas! there came the yielding to temptation, and with covered faces, hand in hand, they went forth from the garden. With the covering of those faces, it seems as though a veil was thrown over all things; and since then it has been necessary to remove some covering, unfold some wrapping, take off some cloak, before we can see objects as they really are.

Hideous and dangerous things are often hidden beneath a cloak so beautiful that it fascinates men, and they forget to look underneath it, until some circumstance lifts the covering and reveals to them what lies beneath.

Slowly from her harbor, on a bright and beautiful morning, floats a proud and stately vessel. Her sails are widely spread, and she moves a thing of light and airy grace. She seems not to know that the ocean forms a beautiful cloak, hiding beneath its surface fatal rocks and mighty monsters seeking whom they may devour. Nearly half the voyage is finished, when suddenly she strikes, she sinks, and the ocean spreads her blue cloak over her, and smilingly awaits other victims.

At the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, along the beautiful bay of Naples, lay the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, seats of refinement and luxury. All up the sides of the mountain grew fruits in rich abundance, and earth, air, and water seemed in harmony and at rest. But the fiery mass which had for so many centuries worn this verdant cloak, suddenly burst the sides and rushing down destroyed everything in its path,

Its work of destruction over, it resumed its former quiet; but the cloak has been once removed, and men now regard it with a suspicious and distrustful look.

Not only do cloaks prevent our seeing things in their true state, but even their position is often changed by them.

The mirage, or castle of the fairy Morgana, is never more fascinating and delusive than when it creates the appearance of water in a place actually occupied by dry, hot ground. When the sun rises over the Sahara, all distant objects become sharp and distinct, but the ground becoming heated, communicates its high temperature to the atmosphere, and there is a tremulous agitation in the air. The sun, by the varying refraction of its rays, seems to remove the land from its place and impart the undulations of the sea to the arid sands.

During the French expedition to Egypt under Bonaparte, the illusion of the mirage was often a source of grievous disappointment to the army. After a long march through the desert, the deceptive horizon would show them a blue lake in the midst of dry and burning sands. They would hail it with exclamations of delight, and hasten toward its shores; but as they approached, it would recede before them, as if in mockery of their vain attempts to attain it, and then pass out of sight.

And may we not take these as illustrations and similes of the different phases of human character? The mirage is too often exemplified by those whom we regard as brilliant and dazzling when we consider their deeds from the distance. But the more we strive to approach and analyze them, the further they recede, until we are left to wonder if we have been dreaming.

Is one eruption of a human Vesuvius always sufficient to convince the trusting one that danger lurks in its bosom? Are not the flowers of love planted again and again, and the dews distilled are often the tears from a loving and grief-o'erwhelmed heart? And many a fortune has been sunken under the bright blue water of some enterprise which spread before the eyes of the world with all the brightness of the placid lake, whose quiet, unruffled bosom never suggested the treacherous rocks beneath.

(To be continued.)

The Hampton Institute is about to begin, and we congratulate our colored teachers on the auspicious prospect which seems to open up before them. We trust they will one and all make good use of the opportunity.

It will make a good chance to work up an interest in our State Educational and Historical Association, which we trust "is not dead but sleepeth." John W. Cromwell. Esq., editor of the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE is president of th association. His zeal in its behalf is proverbial, and we hope he will not lose this golden opportunity to revive an interest in it. We are sure that James H. Bowser, its former corresponding secretary, were he living and physically able, would be as he had ever been, alive to the vital importance of immediate action.—*Va. Star.*

The Recorder of Deeds

From certain criticisms made in certain quarters, latterly in *The New South*, it is apparent that light is needed as to the position of the Recorder of Deeds, his salary, patronage etc.

Let it be known once for all that the the Recorder of Deeds is not a salaried office; that in point of law he is the Alpha and the Omega; that there are no employes save such as he appoints; that he fixes their compensation; and that at present he has to assist him Mr. Schayer, who acts as chief, his son Lewis H. Douglass, who is comparer of deeds, and eight copyists, two white ladies, a colored gentleman, Rev. Campbell, and five colored ladies as follows: Mrs. Sprague (Mr. Douglass' daughter) Misses Lucy Moten, Blanche Washington, Purvis, and Etta Davis. Of these employes only two are paid salaries (which are fixed by the Recorder himself.) Mr. Schayer and L. H. Douglass; the others are paid according to the amount of work each does. Mr. Charles R. Douglass is not one of the regular force of the office, he is on duty temperarily there until July 1st. So the charge of nepotism rests upon the fact that *two* of the ten employes are members of Mr. Douglass's family who have families of their own to support. In this connection it should not be forgotten that among the reasons given for the discharge of Mr. Charles H. Douglass from the Census office was this: "your father is Recorder of Deeds and now you ought to stand a good chance with him."

The Recorder has to pay for the books and furniture of the office from fees received as well as the pay of his assistants, and for all these expenditures he accounts to to nobody but himself.

The Fifth Baptist S. S. not opposed to a Library

Mr. Editor:

Allow me to correct a statement which appeared in your paper, of last week's issue in reference to the teachers of the Fifth Baptist Sunday school opposing a library for the school. I do not know by whom such a statement was made, nor do I make any inquiry, though I may suspect the individual. Nevertheless, who ever the person, he ought first to learn to state things for facts, *as they are*, and not as he would have them to appear. The teachers of the Fifth Baptist Sunday school have never indirectly or directly voted against having a library for the school, they long since voted unanimously to have one; and all statements to the contrary are utterly untrue.

What was done at the time referred to, in your paper was simply the teachers voting to carry into effect, that which had been previously promised the scholars for selling tickets for the party given the 27th of May last by which the school was financially benefited. That promise was a Class Banner, which was strongly opposed, but without any effect. by one member of the committee who had charge of the May party. Not being content with an overwhelming defeat in the committee meeting, the same member attempted at the teacher's meeting, with the shrewdness of a politician, to antagonize this same question. by pretending that it was the Banner vs. Library, but the teachers could not be averted from their faith by such pretense, and they voted to sustain their previous decision, notwithstanding the respectful minority, which was said to have been, but I fail to see it when the majority was *eight* and the minority after several week's canvass was only *three*. We have never had a more earnest worker in our school than the member to whom I have referred to, but as "it is the part of humanity to error," therefore such actions are accounted for.

Excuse me occupying space in your valuable paper, but as one side as been stated it become necessary for the other side to be stated, which I have endeavored to do from facts which are undeniable.

Having thus performed my duty further notice of the matter by me is at an end.

Yours Truly,
H. S. WASHINGTON, Supt.
of Fifth Baptist Sunday School.

Mr. Editor:

Please permit me; through the medium of your excellent paper, to correct a misstatement which appeared in the *issue* (please pardon me) I mean the *issue* of the *New South* of June 25, 1881..

There is the old saying viz—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" hence not savouring much for typographical notoriety I simply deny in toto any statement attributed to me against our excellent Frederick Douglass and son. We do not intend hereafter to answer any structures that may appear against us. The weather is getting hot and life is too short. We have made a full and truthful explanation to the "noblest Roman" beneath the sun and to one whom from boyhood-we have always looked up to as a pyramid of the race for whom we have had ever the highest regards. God save some of humanity. Heaven knows it is bad enough to be hounded by the pack, but when it comes to be *chased*, that depends upon the animal and his antecedents.

Yours Truly,
Dr. T. G. DORSEY.

PERSONAL.

G. D. Baltimore, the young colored man who graduated from the Troy Polytechnic Institute last week, has excepted a position tendered him by a leading capitalist which includes the survey of a vast portion of Pennsylvania mining districts.

Hon. Samuel Lee, of S. C., who is still in our midst, has had quite an experience in the Co-operative movement. He has piloted successfully a large enterprise at Sumter, and its success has been followed by similar enterprises at Darlington, Edgefield and Columbia. It is not unlikely that Mr. Lee will have an opportunity to address the people of this community on the subject as one who speaks by experience.

R. Bruce Bagby, Esq., of the Indianapolis "Leader" arrived here Thursday night, the guest of Register Bruce, 909 M st. n. w. He will be tendered a position in the Treasury Department.

Prof. Inman E. Page paid a flying visit to our city last week and honored us with a call. He reports Lincoln Institute, of which he is president, as being in a thriving condition, the number of its students increasing, its course of study steadily advancing and its influence in the cause of popular education as being appreciated by both whites and blacks in his state. The former, notwithstanding their old prejudices, are beginning to recognize the fact that the black man must take his place by the side of his white brother in all the walks of life. As an evidence of Prof. Page's popularity he has succeeded in getting for his Institute what no other institution in his state an obtained appropriation to erect dormitories. Prof P. left on Monday for St. Louis.

Prof. W. S. Scarborough's "First Lessons in Greek" has been published. It is a two term text book with copious notes and references to the grammars of Goodwin and Hadley, and designed as an Elementary drill-book on the Inflection and Syntax of the Greek Language. The publication of this work, if we mistake not, is the first text book. especially in the classics, published by a colored educator. Such a book, if successful, will do more for its author than if he ran for Congress. Let it have a place at Howard, at Atlanta, at Fisk Straight and similar institutions.

—Mrs. Lavenia Waring, mother of the Rev. Wm. Waring pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, died at the residence of her son last Saturday afternoon; of heart disease. The deceased, who was one of the Crutchfields, was born at Spottsylvania C. H., Virginia, in May 1810. At quite an early age she was married to Wm Waring, sr., and lived in Fredericsburg. In 1836 she accompanied her husband to western Pennsylvania. She was a woman of remarkably, vigorous health, never having known what sickness was until a week or so before her death. She leaves four sons: O. M. Waring, of St. Louis, Mo. Robt. Waring, of Chicago, David Waring of Ohio, and Wm. Waring of this city; six daughters, and thirty grand children; one of them being Everett J. Waring, of Columbus, Ohio. The funeral ceremonies were performed at the Berean Church Monday afternoon. Revs. Walker and Johnson officiating. *Requiescat in pace.*

A careless diet, a change of water, or a cold settling in the bowels, very often brings on at this season of the year, an obstinate Diarrhœa, or some serious Affection of the Stomach or Bowels, imperiling the life of the patient. If you would treat such complaints in a rational way, try at once Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, a simple, but safe remedy in such attacks, and equally effectual in all cases of Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATDURAY, JULY 2, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washing on
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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CALVIN D. JOHNSON, - Local Editor.

LOCAL.

☞We insert a three line local advertisement for entertainments, at which an admission fee is charged, for twenty-five cents tf.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

—The tinner is a happy man,

—And tin roofs are at a discount.

—Our friend Charlie Jarvis is a member of the grand jury.

—Brother Jefferson's excursion did not go to Warrenton Saturday.

—The *New South* blazed away *at* Hon. Fred Douglass last week.

—Evening worship at St. Luke's church will hereafter begin at 6 o'clock.

—There were a number of visitors in the city from Richmond this week.

—W. S. Montgomery, of Alcorn University, Rodney, Miss., is in town.

—Shiloh Baptist church gave an excellent excursion to Highland Park last Monday.

—Rev. Julius Grice preached an interesting sermon at Lincoln Mission Sunday night.

—The holy communion will be administered at Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church Sunday night.

—Mr. C. C. McKinney, organist at St. Luke's church, deserves special mention for his excellent performances.

—Andrew Williams, Esq., jailor at Hampton, Virginia, was in the city last week as fat and genial as ever.

—Mr. C. A. Lemar will shortly go on an extended pleasure tour through the Western and New England States.

—The fact that tuition is now free at Howard University should send a large number of students there next fall.

—The Hiramites Willing Workers of St. Paul's A. M. E. Church will give a grand pic-nic to Highland Park on July 14th.

—The hurricane played havoc with the city last Monday night and many knowing ones charged the whole affair to the poor comet.

—"S. W. Sheephead," who made an attack on the Presbyterians in last Wednesday's *Republican*, wrote much, but said nothing.

—Mr. R. T. Moss, principal of the County School below Howard University, gave his scholars a pleasant pic nic on the 20 inst. at Rock Creek.

—Mr. Isaiah Mitchell will be absent for several weeks in the Far West. When last heard from he was *en route* to Ogden City, Utah Territory.

—The Fifteenth St. Presbyterian Sunday School gave a delightful picnic to Tivoli Park on the 23ult. Mr Meriwether knows how to draw the people.

—Free pic-nic of the Sunday schools of Hilladale July 4th, at Groves on Asylum road opposite the National Park. The Guards of Bethlehem will be present.

—Our local colored preachers have organized an association for mental and moral culture. Rev. W. G. Colby is president and Richard Henderson is secretary.

—S. S. Lacy and J. E. Bruce, publishers of the Washington *Sunday Item* were arrested on Wednesday for criminal libel and in default of $300 bonds were committed to jail.

—A grand time will be had at Gales Woods next Monday, July 4, by the central Baptist Sunday School Union. It is said that over one thousand children will sing in chorus.

—Some of the regular graduates of Howard University bitterly opposed the admission of the literary graduates to the alumni association, but they were beaten, and the literary fellows have been admitted.

—Mr. G. B. Anderson's friends will be rejoiced to hear of his promotion to duty at $1000 per annum from the 1st. inst THE ADVOCATE especially rejoices for it has had no more constant friend than he.

—Prof. W. J. Simmons, president of the Louisville Baptist Institute, Louisville, Ky., arrived in the city Tuesday morning. He is the picture of health, and his alderemanic proportions betoken his good treatment in the Blue Grass State.

—Services of the Methodist Congregational church will be held morning and evening at the hall on 18th street, and at 3 p. m. at the Salem Baptist church N above 17th. The first instalment of the annual subscription will be payable. All are invited.

—Rev. S. P. Smith will be glad to get all the teachers he can to help him in the afternoon Sabbath School at Lincoln Mission. The school opens at half past 3 o'clock p. m., every Sabbath. Last Sabbath there were nearly 200 scholars and only eight teachers present.

—Mr. Lewis Douglass dropped into our office this week, and examining our New Model Job Press, said that so many changes were being made in the printing business he would have to visit the offices oftener or he would get behind the times. "But," said he, "I will never forget how t type."

—The pic nic at Tivoli Park on the 23rd inst. was the finest and largest ever given by that church. Many of the best people of different denominations in the city were present and were greatly pleased. Some one in Wednesday morning's *Republican* took an occasion to criticise it but without reason. One should be careful how he judges that he be not judged.

—Zion Union A. M. E. Mission, a new church recently organized in Georgetown, is said to be in a prosperous condition. The majority of those constituting the mission came out from the Methodist Episcopal church, and have connected themselves with the African Methodist Episcopal church under the jurisdiction of the Baltimore Annual Conference. Rev. W. D. Cook is appointed pastor. Regular services are held each Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Class Meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

—Mr. Daniel Murray who has charge of the arrangements for the company who are going to Rockville on the 4 inst. presents the following letter received from Mr. Clements master of transportation (i e) That the party will leave on the regular train 8:10 a. m. and will be picked up by the train passing at 9:06 p. m. Those who purchase tickets from Mr. Murray can get them for seventy five cents round trip, but if they get them from the office they will have to pay the full fare.

Two meals, breakfast and dinner will be served at sixty five cents.

A CORRECTION.

It should have been Messrs. Ricks & Alexander that received the $1500 and not J. C. Ricks as stated in our last. The money was paid to the firm and not to one member of it. If you want to learn further particulars just call on the gentlemen at their new place of business, 709 O st. n. w.

About three months ago a colored man walking peaceably along the streets of Alexandria, was arrested because the butt of a pistol was seen to project from his pocket and committed to jail in default of a $20 fine inposed by the Mayor Monday night week Edmund Burke, the Commonwealth's Atty. for Alexandria Co., went through the streets of the aforesaid city flourishing his pistol, shooting, etc. The next day he was arrested and fined $7 Is there one law for the black man and another for the white? Burke, though a Republican, is a Funder.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Mr. Norman's reputation as a public speaker is a sufficient guarantee that those who may be present, will be pleasantly and profitably entertained.

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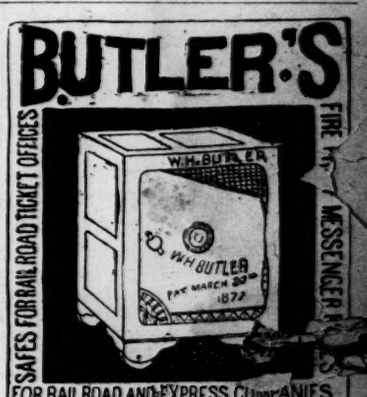
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Is a book of 700 pages, and 274 pictures. It is easy to read and understand, and is all about the Bible; both the Old and the New Testaments.

The Hon. Wm. A. Courtenay, Mayor of Charleston, S. C., writes: "The Story of the Bible impresses me most favorably, and must attract many readers. I have called attention to the book at the High School."

The Colored People Like to Read It.

Mrs. Buford, of Brunswick Co., Va., uses it largely in the colored Sunday-schools under her care. This is what she writes about it:

If you could only know how many of my teachers and preachers come to me constantly, and tell me I have forgotten them, and not given them "THE STORY OF THE BIBLE," you would be glad as I am that you sent me the books. One of my best men, an old preacher, said to me the other day, "**Sistiss, I am an old man and mighty poor, but I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for that blessed book; it does make things so plain.**"

Two brothers, white men, who were traveling about selling it in South Carolina, bought **more than a thousand** of these books last year. There has been such a sale for this book that over 80,000 copies of it have been printed, and the 82d thousand is now selling. If there is no bookstore near, send

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In the northern and western States a great many persons are selling books and pictures all the time. They go from house to house, and from farm to farm with them. And they make money by it. Now if white men can do this why cannot colored men. **Let them try it.** They can buy a few of these books and pictures at a time, at wholesale prices, if they want them to sell again. Send postal-card, asking prices, to

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THE NEWS.

At Chicago, James P. Doyle, the counterfeiter, was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Doyle is the man who was arrested with over $200,000 in counterfeit government bonds in his possession.

The stockholders of the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad Company held a meeting in Richmond, Va., and accepted the proposed consolidation with the Atlantic and Northwestern and Ohio Railroad Companies.

The remains of Mrs. Henry Hatterman, of New York, who died recently of consumption, were cremated in Lemoyne's furnace at Washington, Pa.

Governor McCurtain, of the Indian Territory, has ordered all white men to leave the territory unless they pay the taxes imposed by the Indian authorities. Many white have already left, but some refuse to go, and will be ejected by the Indian troops, assisted by the United States military authorities.

A whole train of cars on the Morelos (Mexico) railroad tumbled down into the San Antonio river near Cuantla, on account of the giving way of a stone bridge. Nearly 200 persons were killed and a great many were injured. Most of them were soldiers.

William G. Whitney, aged forty-five years, a son by her first husband of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, the famous litigant in the New Orleans and St. Louis land cases, was shot and killed by his brother-in-law, James Y. Christmas.

The Mexican government has forwarded to Washington $144,984 in part payment of the American debt.

In the suit of Wm. S. Williams against the Western Union Telegraph Company and others, brought to restrain the increased issue of $15,000,000 of capital stock of the Western Union company, counsel for plaintiff have today filed notice of appeal from the decision of Judge Trux, who dismissed the complaint.

Hon. Henry Stanbery, whose death is announced in a dispatch from Cincinnati, was one of the most distinguished lawyers in the West.

The Jesuits are being driven from Nicaragua by a decree of the government, and are flying in all directions.

The monster steambarge City of Rome cleared from Chicago for Buffalo with a cargo of 123,000 bushels of oats—the largest cargo ever taken from that port on any vessel.

Washington, D. C., has been visited with a severe thunder wind and rain storm, doing much damage by unroofing houses, destroying glass windows, and filling cellars. Damage commuted at $200,000.

Judge Lynch is holding high carnival in Arkansas. Nine men were hanged there within a month, and the sheriffs did not make any very pronounced opposition to the unlawful proceedings.

It was given out in Chicago that Oliver J. Smith, nephew of the lately-deceased Sol. Smith, president of the Merchants' Savings, Loan and Trust Company, was a defaulter to the amount of $3[illegible],000. He has absconded, and his present location is not known.

The law passed by the Missouri legislature last winter, making the keeping of a gambling-house a felony, went into effect, and has resulted in closing every gambling-house in St. Louis.

Professor Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, is satisfied that the great comet now visible is Gould's comet.

The five per cent. coupon bonds received at the United States Treasury for continuance at three and a-half per cent. to date aggregate $89,000,000.

Commissioner Raum has been carrying on active operations against the "crooked" manufacture of tobacco in the State of North Carolina, and with the assistance of Revenue Agent A. H. Brooks has been so successful that there is a good prospect that the illegal business will soon be broken up.

Colonel Berney, president of the Globe Company, was brought up in the Municipal Court, at Boston, to answer to the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Jimmy Hope, a notorious bank burglar, was captured in San Francisco while attempting to rob the bank of Berton & Co.

The small-pox is on the increase in Holmdel, N. J. Several deaths have occurred; roads are fenced in and travel partially suspended. Great difficulty is found in burying the dead.

Senator Ben Hill says that the Southern people ought to be grateful for the abolition of slavery, because it has taught industry and self-reliance.

L. Zeckerdorfer's powder-house, containing two car loads of engine gun cotton and tonite powder, at Tucson, Arizona, exploded. All the windows in the city were broken, doors were burst in, and crockery stocks demolished, but no one was hurt. The total loss is about $100,000.

During the absence of his parents at church, Ben Baugh, a boy twelve years of age, living near Stanford, Ky., commenced playing with an old rifle that he supposed was unloaded. He pointed it at his sister, Julia, aged fourteen, and she fell dead, the bullet entering her right eye.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone contemplates devoting three days of each week to the consideration of the land bill until a final vote is reached.—The surrender of Cyprus has been mooted in Parliament.—A commission has been appointed at St. Petersburg to draw up a law under which conspirators can be speedily tried and punished.—The Spanish Cortes has been dissolved. Elections for a new Cortes will be held August 21.—Spain has abolished the tobacco monopoly in the Philippine Islands.—Regulations have been published at Rome for putting in force the law for the abolition of forced paper currency.—There have been labor riots at Drammen, Norway.

Irish members made bitter attacks on Chief Secretary Forster in the House of Commons, Mr. Parnell denouncing his course as shameless.—Baron Magnus, late German minister to Denmark, has become insane.—Baker Pasha (Col. Valentine Baker) has been restored to membership in the British Army and Navy Club.—The Cornell crew has drawn the worst position in the Henley race for the Stewards' Cup.—The trial of the alleged murderers of Abdul Aziz continues at Constantinople.

Mr. Parnell withdrew an amendment to the Land Bill, of which he had given notice, in the House of Commons, because, as he said, the government would not accept it, and it would provoke much discussion.—The Empress of Germany recently submitted to a severe surgical operation, and is quite ill.—Mr. Gladstone said yesterday that the hoped to be able to prorogue Parliament the first week in August.—Four persons, accused of complicity in the murder of the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, were found guilty of murder at Constantinople.—The London *Times* advises the English delegates to the International Conference to withdraw.—Russia desires to restrict the right of asylum in the United States so far as Russian political offenders are concerned.—Minister Lowell has been requested by the United States government to direct American consuls in Ireland to report fully relative to the part taken in Irish disorders by Irish-Americans.

Several of the persons, including Midhat Pasha, recently tried for complicity in the assassination of Abdul Aziz, late sultan of Turkey, have been sentenced to death, and two others have been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.—Progress continues to be made on the Land bill. A process server was shot dead in county Kerry, Ireland.—Herr Johann Most, publisher of the *Freiheit*, was sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment, with hard labor, by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in London.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

INFLAMED THROATS.—A sore throat is no more evidence of a cold than a sore finger, though it may be one of the indications. A cold is attended by a shivering chill, dryness of the skin, with more or less of contraction of the surface and a general commotion of the whole system, and may be attended by a sore throat, or tightness across the lungs, or bowel derangements, feverishness, etc. Such a cold closes in an unusual amount of morbid waste matter, ordinarily escaping through the pores, and may be the first stage of many forms of diseases. The remedy is plain—opening the pores by a sweat, by warmth of the body, by friction of the surface, with a cram, flesh-brush and the like—simply removing the causes. But a sore throat is not removed, necessarily, by these means, simply because it does not always or generally originate in a cold. Most of these inflamed throats in my opinion, are produced by derangements of the stomach, in consequence of dietetic errors and abuses. These inflame and even ulcerate this organ, and, by a law of the system based on sympathy, all similar surfaces, if contiguous, are more or less affected similarly. Hence the physician looks at the tongue to learn of the state of the stomach. If this is "coated," so is the stomach; if this is red and angry, the mucous surface entirely removed if it is cracked, that is in a similar condition. And if a surface so far removed from the stomach is thus affected by sympathy, it is not strange that one between—the throat—should show signs of irritation and be sore. Indeed, it is not only true that the whole course of the food-pipe is thus inflamed and diseased, but that the stomach, even more diseased, gives less evidence in the matter of sensation, in consequence of a merciful provision, that of having less sensitive nerves. The cure of such a throat is found in the care of the stomach, mainly by reasonable fasting, the use of plain food in moderate quantities, etc. Gargling alum water will be of some service. Also only a very moderate use of salt and the irritating spices will effect much by way of prevention, which is much better than cure.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

HEART DISEASE.—When an individual is reported to have died of disease of the heart, we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the heart as the cause; this silences all inquiry and investigation, and saves the trouble and inconvenience of *post mortem*. A truer report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of disease of the heart that many an opium eater is let off into the grave, which covers at once his folly and his crime; the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short, this report of disease of the heart is the mantle of charity which the polite coroner and sympathetic physician throw around the graves of generous people. At a scientific congress at Strasburg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever—one sudden death only in thirty-three, from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty die of apoplexy—one out of every seven; while forty-six—more than two out of three—died of lung affection, half of them congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room enough for air to get in to support life. It is then of considerable practical interest to know some of the common every-day causes of this congestion of the lungs, a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many persons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor or a long, hasty walk; going too suddenly from a close, heated room, as a lounger or listener, or speaker, while the body is weakened by continual application, or abstinence, or heated by a long address; these are the frightful causes of sudden death in the form of congestion of the lungs; but which, being falsely reported as disease of the heart, and regarded as an inevitable event, throw people off their guard instead of pointing them to their true causes, all of which are avoidable; and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn to the subject.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Watered silk is revived.

Now is the season for flower bonnets.

There is a revival of old Chantilly lace.

This is the season for silk gauze fabrics.

The small cap-shaped bonnets are frequently cut out on the side so as to show the ears.

The new large fans with heavy sticks are kept together when closed by steel rings that slip over the top.

Old English fabrics are in demand, such as flowered satteens, tambour muslins, dotted muslins and Chalis foulard.

Flounces of black crepe lisse are put under lace flounces to make them hang well.

Gainsborough hats in smooth felt are being prepared for the autumn's trade by European houses.

Lace and Paris muslin are taking the place of satins and brocades for wedding dresses.

A Surah bow made of the whole width of the stuff is set at the back of the belt on the newest short skirts.

Shirred scarfs of India mull are now wound around the throat, mantilla fashion. They are edged with a deep ruffle of Miricourt or point Nemours lace.

Rough-and-ready straw hats are often adorned with rich and delicate laces and handsome ostrich plumes, and are worn upon all occasions except those requiring full dress.

Light dresses sometimes have their full sleeves drawn into a small compass at the wrist by a ribbon run in and put through eyelets.

Little tassels or small balls are used to finish the ends of skirt draperies in the back. They should be heavy or their effect is altogether bad.

Hats and Bonnets.

The advancing season has shown that the predicted change to larger hats is gradually taking place. Each new importation contains larger and more elaborate shapes than the last. They are almost covered in many instances with ostrich plumes, as many as twelve and fifteen ten-inch plumes being placed on the outside and inside of some of the handsome Panama straw wide brimmed hats. Few of these have other trimming besides the plumes and silk pompons. Bonnets of handsome straw and of silk are still trimmed with tinsel lace and flowers. Crape of the most delicate tints is fashioned with Spanish lace, flowers and plumes, making a most beautiful headdress and very becoming. Velvet is also introduced effectively with these materials, but they lose their lightness by the mixture. The lighter tones of yellow cream sulphur and corn color are among the newest favorites. The fan and handkerchief pouch often matches the bonnet in color and material. If the entire costume is of white the artificial flowers of the bonnet are often the same as the natural bouquets on the corsage, fan, pouch and that carried in the hand. Rustic hats of mull are also ornamented for a short ramble with natural flowers.—*New York Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

They were speaking of a miser just deceased. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the laconic answer of Fogg.

"The fact is," said Smith melodramatically, "my heart goes out to the distressed. I am all heart." "I guess you are," remarked Fogg, more in sorrow than in anger, "I know you are always on the beat."

The growing season: "How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to Brother Amos. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."

Teacher—"The earth is round, like a ball or orange, you remember. It is one-fourth land. What are the other three-fourths?" "Pleethe, marm," said a little girl in the front row, "I deth it ith thkin." Her experience with oranges had not been a happy one.

He came into the office and said, "You see, my brothers are shoemakers, and they mended my shoes. Now, why am I like Joseph of the biblical history?" We gave it up. "Why, because I was soled by my brothers." The inquest on him will be held to-day.—*Puck.*

At the summer resort—First week, ladies, is given to showing your dresses; second week, to telling where you went last year; third week, to talking about the Browns, who have gone home; fourth week, to complaints of the house. After the fourth week life at a summer resort is insufferably dull.—*Boston Transcript.*

(Louisville *Home and Farm.*)

Frank O. Herring, Esq., of the Champion Safe Works, 251 and 252 Broadway, New York, reports the use of St. Jacob's Oil for a stiffness and soreness of the shoulder, with most pleasant and efficacious effects.

A New York lady is earning a liberal income by the private tuition of ladies whose early education was neglected. She has seven pupils who pay her from $3 to $10 per lesson.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did them no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it. A Workingman."

In 1850 there were 5,361 hands in the United States employed in the manufacture of agricultural machinery. Last year 40,680 were so employed.

We can insure any person having a bald head or troubled with dandruff that CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will do all that is claimed for it. It will not stain the most delicate fabric and is delightfully perfumed.

(Freeport (Ill.) *Bulletin.*)

There is now a substance which is both professionally and popularly indorsed and concerning which, Mr. J. B. Ferschweiller, Butteville, Oregon, writes: I have often read of the many cures effected by St. Jacob's Oil, and was persuaded to try the remedy myself. I was a sufferer from rheumatism and experienced great pains, my leg being so swollen that I could not move it. I procured St. Jacob's Oil, used it freely and was cured.

Chinese hats trimmed with dotted net are worn for driving.

Feels Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R. I.

In a New York hotel the guests' boots are blacked by machinery.

MYSTERY SOLVED!—The great secret of the wonderful success of VEGETINE. It strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

A farmer counts his cattle by the head. The men he employs are only hands.

Has Everything Failed You?

Then try Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

An umbrella in hand is worth two in the rack.

Don't Die in the House.

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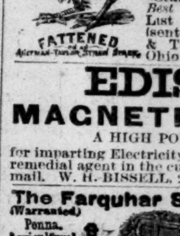
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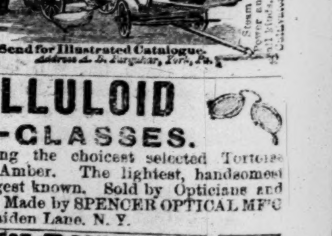
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